

THE WORLD.

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THE 1888 RECORD!

New York, April 30, 1888.
We, the undersigned Advertising
Agents, have examined the Circulation
and Press Room Reports of THE
WORLD, and also the amounts of White
Paper furnished it by various paper
manufacturers, and find that the
Average No. of WORLDS
Printed Daily from Jan. 1,
1888, to date is as stated,
viz.:

288,970 COPIES.

(Signed)
Geo. F. HOWELL & Co., DAVENPORT & Co.,
J. H. BATES, GOODWIN & Co.,
J. M. EMMETT, J. C. F. PHILLIPS & Co.,
M. F. HENNINGSON, A. A. ANDERSON.

Circulation Books Always Open.

OUR "FUDGIKY" MAYOR.
"I am not on a fishing excursion," was the snappish answer of Mayor Havitt to Coroner Larrv yesterday when the latter sought to get some information from His Honor as to how human life can be protected in this city. Death is on a fishing excursion, if you are not, Mr. Mayor. He sits under the telegraph poles and uses electric wires for his fishing line. The grim angler lands a human victim nearly every week. And you "have nothing to say" about it.

A JUSTIFIABLE STRIKE.

The strike of the Rochester street-car drivers ought to be made a success by the public sentiment of that city. The companies require the men to work twelve hours a day, and frequently to wait two hours more, and do double duty as drivers and conductors, all for the municipal pay of \$2.

THE MOTORS WILL COME.

If electric motors can be depended on to run street cars economically and safely, as experiments in Richmond and other cities indicate to be the case, their introduction can no more be prevented by a few Aldermen, whether on "a strike" or honestly ignorant, than Dame Partington could sweep back the tide with her broom.

Horse-cars are getting to be almost as primitive as the old stages as means of street transit. They are slow, expensive, hard on the poor horses and hard on the drivers.

The Fourth Avenue Company is to persist in its experiment above Fourteenth street. If it "goes," the rest will follow.

Coroner Larrv is right, and Mayor Havitt is wrong, as to the purpose and scope of the inquest into the cause of Lineman Murray's death. If the inquiry were limited simply to ascertaining the cause, one doctor's testimony would be enough. The responsibility for the casualty should be fixed. And something should be done to render other inquests from the same cause less frequent.

The "hand of flame, dropping blood-red color," that appeared in the Northern sky over Ohio last night, will receive many interpretations. Little Breches Foxaker will probably accept it as a sign to him to keep up his wailing of the bloody shirt.

Another indicted man goes scot free after an ineffectual prosecution by the District Attorney's office, taking with him a significant commendation from Judge Cowins to "be more careful in future." In other words, not to perjure himself again.

The District Messenger boys who raced around the Park probably didn't reflect on what a "give away" the affair was. Boys who can run but don't run (officially) are in danger of being made to run.

Roscoe Conkling's county of Oneida has elected "pronounced Blaine delegates" to Chicago. In politics, even more than in other walks, men are "soon forgot when they are dead."

It isn't strange that the little St. Joseph girl who was "completely disrobed" by a stroke of lightning while at play on the common, was "badly shocked" by the occurrence.

Poor Dom Pedro, like Frederick, is being kept alive to suffer. This is one penalty of wealth and high station: the doctors keep you such a long time dying.

Debt Paying Company—Limited.

(From Times Dispatch.)
She—But, Charles, dear, how do you intend to deal with those terrible debts of yours?
He—Oh, they're all right. I've got a splendid idea. I'm getting up a limited company to pay 'em off.

TO GARNISH THE TABLE.

Shed row, 25 cents.
Cucumbers, 5 cents.
Strawberries, 10 cents a quart.
Cabbages, 5 to 10 cents.
Radishes, 9 cents a bunch.
Lemons, 30 cents a dozen.
White fish, 15 cents a pound.
Apples, 50 to 60 cents a dozen.
Spanish mackerel, 40 cents each.
Bermuda onions, 10 cents a quart.
Strawberries, 15 to 20 cents a quart.
California cherries, 20 cents a pound.
South Carolina peaches, 50 cents a box.

TOLD AT HEADQUARTERS.

Inspector Williams sits a horse like a cavalryman. He will form a striking feature of the parade on May 31.
Commissioner French is a red-hot Dewey man. He insists that the Republican National Convention will not force a nomination upon Blaine.
Inspector Conlin is justly proud of the martial appearance of his mounted men. He has drilled the cavalry portion of the force to perfection.
Inspector Byrnes expresses a fear that there may be a second Inspector on parade day if he is compelled to ride the big bay selected for his special use.
Inspector Stearns's new hat is said to be one of the handsomest in the city, the decorations and ornaments showing excellent taste and rare originality.
Dr. Cyrus Edison has had his favorite yacht remodeled, having added several commodious state-rooms. He proposes to take several pleasure jaunts during the summer.
Supt. Murray has been selected by the Commissioners to present the new Honorable Mention medals to the members of the force who are entitled to wear the decoration.

Postmaster Pearson has transferred the letter-box from a lamp-post to the hallway of Police Headquarters—a change that gives universal satisfaction to the police officials.
Telephones have been placed in the rooms of the Police Commissioners, Superintendent and Inspectors so that they can converse freely with each other or elsewhere, if they desire.
Commissioner McCall will deliver the Memorial address before Reno Post at Newburg on Memorial Day. Roundsmen Montgomery, who was murdered by Patrolman Bourke, was a member of Reno Post. He is buried at Newburg.
Commissioner Voorhis is minding his time on the Heros system of signalling. He smiles broadly and significantly as he remarks: "The work has not been done yet." It is understood that Commissioner MacLean is not favorable to the Heros plan.

WORLDLINGS.

The Mormon hierarchy is said to pay Mr. A. M. Gibson a salary of \$10,000 a year to look after the interests of Zion at Washington. He is a square-shouldered, serious-faced gentleman, dignified in manner and reticent in speech, and used to be a newspaper man.

One of the largest plantations in the South is that of Major B. W. Bellamy, in Jefferson County, Fla. It comprises 8,000 acres and nearly all of it is in cultivation. More than 1,000 negroes are employed on the plantation and the Major knows all by name.

Mr. John Jones, of Fairburn, Ga., has a very wonderful house cat, if a tale that is told of it is to be believed. Several weeks ago this cat caught a rat, but, instead of killing it, began to nurse and care for it, and now gives it as much careful attention as any of her kittens receives.

A St. Louis minister says that the greatest feat of baptism in the history of the Baptist Church in modern times was that performed in July, 1878, by J. C. Clough, a missionary, who, with the assistance of five native preachers, immersed 3,200 converted brethren within six hours.

The skeleton of an Indian who was killed in what is known as the "Kilburn sign" of 1795 was recently ploughed up in a field near Watpore, N. H., where the fight took place. It was the famous mountain that two men, two women and two boys defended themselves for six hours against 400 bloodthirsty savages.

Michael P. Barr was at Newbury in Washington not long ago and three years ago he enlisted in the naval service of the United States at seaman's wages—30 cents a day. Last week he was appointed a master sailmaker at \$150 a month, and his first act was to make over to his mother one-half of his pay as fast as it accrues.

A remarkable freak of nature, a mare known as the "Oregon Beauty," was recently on exhibition in Louisville. Her color is sorrel, and that of the mane, tail and forelock a creamy tint. The mane is ten feet in length, the forelock four feet, while the tail sweeps the ground. Although the mare is eight years of age, the mane and tail are of only four years' growth, having grown an average of two feet a year during that time.

One of the most popular ladies in the official society of Washington is Mrs. Anna Ewing Cooke, the wife of the Senator from Missouri. She comes of distinguished ancestry, and her father was Judge John Ewing, a Kentucky man who was prominent in the early history of Missouri. Mrs. Cooke is a lady of tall and graceful figure, with a carriage described as queenly, and is noted for her affable manners and many social gifts.

SEEN IN THE POLITICAL MIRROR.

"Mugwumps," exclaimed a City Hall statesman, "are free-traders in politics."

The Republican "boys" want to know who will put up a boodle if Gresham is nominated for President.

Many of Blaine's friends are of opinion that he cannot now be nominated. His only hope, they say, is a nomination by acclamation or by a stampede. Neither can be secured with John Sherman, Channing M. Dewey, Gov. Alger, Senator Allison, Senator Harrison, Judge Gresham, Gov. Foraker, Gen. Hawley, William Waterhouse, and other Republican statesmen in control of delegations and friends who are using Blaine's name as a decoy and who either believe that he is not a candidate or that if he should be nominated he would be defeated.

"If," said a Republican Mogul at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, "you scratch a Blaine scouter in this city you will find a friend of mine. If you scratch a Blaine in Iowa you will find a friend of mine. And so in every State that has a favorite son there are too many favorite sons in the race to make Blaine's nomination a certainty, and his letters and interviews have helped the other candidates. The West is weakening on Blaine, and I believe he is losing strength in New York. The boom for Gresham is worrying the Blaine and Dewey people. It may yet be anything but Gresham."

Mayor Hewitt owns a remarkable umbrella. It looks as if it had once been used as a tent for a Lilliputian state show. His Honor thinks more of that ancient umbrella than he does of the vote Cleveland will get south of Fourteenth street.

"Where are you going?"
"To the Ananias Club."
"To play on the piano?"
"No; out to hear the latest rumors about the suburban race, the condition of Gen. Spinoza, the abilities of M. J. Power as a politician, the tariff question and—"
"And what?"
"To see young fellows who are members of all political parties and factions joined together in social fraternity, and who do not allow their political preferences to interfere with their personal friendships." TRUMP HOUSE.

UNDER FIRE AND WATER.

By
FRANCIS J. REILLY,
Chief of Eleventh Battalion, F. D. N. Y.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)



O one who did not reflect, and who had never been to a fire, it would probably seem odd to see a fireman put on a rubber coat and rubber breeches. To prepare oneself against an attack from water when going to battle with fire may look like the wrong sort of caution. This would only seem so to one who knew nothing about fire. Any one who has witnessed one knows that a fireman would be drowned if he were not protected by something of this kind. The water splashing down the front of a building like a cascade, and the steam thrown up, scattering as it strikes the edge of a window, or when a pipe breaks and a big stream goes driving against you, show the need of rubber apparel.

Sometimes, too, the fireman profits by a douche of water when he has to expose himself to an intense heat inside a burning building. The recollection of an occasion like this has suggested the above reflections. A fire had broken out in a large double flat on One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, near Sixth avenue.

When we got to the scene of the fire, Engine Company 37 had a line up the stairway, so we could not get up. Shortly after arriving some one told me there was a young boy on the upper floor of the house. The fire had broken out in the rear on the fourth floor and had cut off the escape of those above.



The smoke was very thick and the heat was terrible. He got the boy and groped his way back, but before he could get to the scuttle he was overcome and fell to the floor. Assistant Foreman of Engine 37 Murphy went down the scuttle, taking a rope with him. He found Willcamp near the foot of the ladder, fortunately, and tied the rope about him. He had to get out as soon as he could after this, as the heat was unbearable. They pulled Willcamp out by the rope. But the young boy was still inside.

It was impossible to go through the scuttle to rescue him or to attempt it. Beside the unbearable heat the flames, were now coming out there. The father said he had lost hold of the boy at some distance from the scuttle ladder, perhaps twenty feet to the right of it. There was no way of getting him out except by going in for him, and in the smoke and heat that seemed a desperate measure. Assistant Foreman Leonard, however, resolved to go, and I accompanied him.

He was found lying face downward. The stream from the line was thrown so that the water might strike the ceiling and be dashed off, so that it could keep us in a sort of shower-bath. This was the only thing that could be done to stay the heat at all.

Luckily, we found the little chap in the place his father had indicated without having to spend very much time in groping around for him. He was lying face downward on the floor. It was this that saved his life. Close to the floor there is always more breathing space than anywhere.

The boy was quite unconscious when we picked him up and hurried out on to the roof with him. The family was now rescued, but what injury had been done to the boy was not yet known. He was carried down and taken to a neighboring drug store. There we saw that he was badly burned, though not fatally. It was not from the flames, but from the intense heat that he had suffered. The scuttle had acted as a flue to draw the flames up that way.

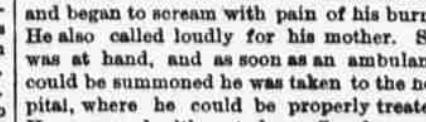
After a while he came to consciousness, and began to scream with pain of his burns. He also called loudly for his mother. She was at hand, and as soon as an ambulance could be summoned he was taken to the hospital, where he could be properly treated. He recovered, although he suffered a good deal.

It was a good rescue on account of the intense heat. Without the water splashing on us and keeping us cool and mitigating the intensity of the heat, it would have been impossible to have stood it even for the short time that it was absolutely necessary to be exposed to it.

Concluded To-morrow.

Not Quite So Jolly Either.

First Party (reflectively)—Say, Wholly! I'd like to be a great man; wouldn't you?
Second Party—Why?
First Party—"Cause when you're sick the whole country is worried about you and sends you all sorts of things."
Second Party (enthusiastically)—Oh, yes; and when you're everybody sends you all sorts of things. Wouldn't it be jolly?



Public appreciation of the skillful work of the Viennese lead fence continues to increase, and the fair swordsmen are the most popular attraction seen at the Eden Musee. On Thursday evening there will be a special contest between the fine pretty fence for a valuable silver cup offered by the British-American newspaper.

The Boston Globe has reproduced the composition in its Sunday issue, thereby adding materially to its circulation.

To Fence for a Cup.
Public appreciation of the skillful work of the Viennese lead fence continues to increase, and the fair swordsmen are the most popular attraction seen at the Eden Musee. On Thursday evening there will be a special contest between the fine pretty fence for a valuable silver cup offered by the British-American newspaper.

Gen. O'Brien's Memorial Oration.
Gen. James K. O'Brien will deliver an oration on Sunday evening next, before the Dabigens, Adam Goes and Peter Cooper posts of the G. A. R., in the Emmanuel Church, near the corner of Broadway and Grand. The church will be suitably decorated.

QUEER RIFLE TARGETS.

Prime Antismoking that Starts Into Life at the Touch of the Bullet.
Years ago when a marksman wished to practice shooting at a target he had to satisfy himself with firing at a figure or a row of clay pipes. The owners of galleries have been looking for something new, and little by little they have progressed until now there are a number of novelties in the way of targets.

About two years ago the proprietors of many of the city shooting-galleries placed in their establishments what are known as "dancing balls." A small glass ball made to dance by a tiny jet of water thrown up with such force as to keep it in the air. Then a man started a gallery on the lower Bowery, in which he put up a number of figures which, when the target was struck, would perform all sorts of acts. One of the figures showed a terrified hunter with uplifted knife standing in front of a big black bear. When the "bullet" was hit, the hunter would immediately plunge his knife into the bear's breast.

Another figure showed "one of the finest" with a small boy in his clutches. When a place of lead hit the target attached to him he would club the small boy most unmercifully.

There was another figure that was quite unique in its way. It consisted of a miniature engine with a number of cars attached. This train would run across the gallery in such short time as to make the superintendents of some country railroads hissed to the engine a small "bullet" labelled "Dynamite." When the explosion occurred the shaggy head of one of O'Donovan Rossa's disciples would appear.

The past week an entertaining genius has opened a gallery in a prominent east side thoroughfare. He has outdone his neighbors by placing in his establishment what he calls "dancing balls" and two five hundred dollar prize automata.

The automata stand in the rear of the store, about seven feet from the floor. One shows a small drop of water falling from a picture of a flowing river. The target attached to this automaton stands about three feet from the floor. When it is struck by a pellet of lead, the curtain rolls up to the ceiling, and in fact, watches of any kind, this time could not be put down as a record for the distance.

The stragglers, who came in half an hour after the winners, crossed the latter of the Park at Seventy-ninth street instead of going over the full course.

After the last race at the Garden, John Fenning, No. 78, one of the shining lights of District 31 and known to the boys as "Handsome," backed by the experience and help of Wobblers, arranged for a match under the same conditions as the first. The prize this time was a silver cup or mug presented by Messenger No. 1,578, James Ryan, alias the Count, value \$100.

This race was set down for Monday evening, and resulted in bringing to the meeting (no doubt attracted by the magnificent trophy offered by Mr. Ryan) twenty-five of the smartest and swiftest boys in the messenger service.

Messenger O'Neil, No. 1,557, alias "Oney," was appointed referee, and to make sure the boys went over the entire course he stationed himself at the Hundred and Tenth street and Fifth avenue, Wobblers remaining behind to give the word "Go" to the starters.

Whether it was the lateness of the hour or the prospect of a long run, fifteen boys out of the twenty-five enthusiasts started, namely:

G. Kirk, No. 488, District 31.
J. Manning, No. 78, District 31.
C. Austin, No. 1,578, District 31.
J. Shortell, No. 1,522, District 31.
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W. Kline, No. 1,444, District 31.
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J. Shortell, No. 78, District 31.
F. Haywood, No. 1,408, District 31.
J. Mann, No. 108, District 31.
J. Shortell, No. 78, District 31.
G. Murphy, No. 38, District 31.
W. Kline, No. 1,444, District 31.
Frank Farrell, District 31, Mutual District Telegraph Company.

The word "Go" was given exactly at 10.05 p. m. Shortell, No. 1,522, alias Farmer, one of the smallest boys in the service, was given five minutes start.

At the word they all started off in a bunch, but soon straightened out, Farrell leading, with Fenning and O'Neil close up, Kline, from District 19, bringing up the rear.

The start was made from Sixty-second street and Fifth avenue.

Farrell continued in this order until near Seventy-fifth street, when Fenning attempted to make the pace, but he was so closely pressed by Farrell and O'Neil that he was unable to do so. It is reported he fell fainting in the road and had to be assisted home by a messenger.

At One Hundred and Tenth street Shortell was first, Farrell second and Austin third, with Kline and O'Neil close up. Kline being about two blocks behind, closely followed by Kirk.

Nearing the finish Farrell made a brilliant start, leaving Austin far behind and finishing at 10.47, exactly 42 minutes from the start. At least this was given as the official time. Austin was second at 10.48, Shortell third at 10.49 and Kirk fourth at 10.51. The rest were distanced.

After the race the usual accusations of cutting across the Park were made. More matches are talked of.

Felled.

(From the City Reporter.)

Miss Parry (taking her first lesson)—I think you are just as mean as you can be!
M. Le Capitaine (apologetically)—Parry, don't mind me. I have caused you pain, but I was protecting you. I have caused you pain, but I was protecting you.

CONFLICTING ACCOUNTS.

(From the City Reporter.)

150 Days Out and No News.
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The ship Snow & Burgess, which sailed from this port on Nov. 16 for San Francisco with 3,000 tons of general cargo, is 150 days out now without word. The ship was last seen in the straits of 110 or 120 days. The ship was last seen in the straits of 110 or 120 days. The ship was last seen in the straits of 110 or 120 days.

He Should Read Nautical Papers.

(From the City Reporter.)

There was a dearth of religious news yesterday, and the editor of the Mail and Express was obliged, in order to fill his paper without printing any interesting news, to insert a nine-line article under the heading "Nautical News." The article was a translation of a notice in the "Nautical News" which said that the ship Snow & Burgess was missing. The Snow & Burgess sailed from this port Nov. 16 for San Francisco and should have reached there in 110 or 120 days. The ship was last seen in the straits of 110 or 120 days. The ship was last seen in the straits of 110 or 120 days.

WOBBLES GAVE THE WORD.

AND FIFTEEN DISTRICT MESSENGERS
RACED AROUND THE PARK.

The Prize was a Silver Cup Offered by Messenger 1,578, Alias the Count—Frank Farrell Won in Three Weeks With Service People Who Have Not Messengers on Errands—More Matches Talked Of.

Ever since the match at the Madison Square Garden, when Albert broke the world's record, a spirit of rivalry has existed between the American District Telegraph boys stationed at 8 West Twenty-third street, known as District 31. This spirit grew to fever heat. Bursts of speed between the boys when answering calls caused people on the streets to pause and stare with amazement to see messenger boys not only hurrying along, but actually running.

In such contests, the district being limited, the sprinters of the office always won. This led to dissatisfaction among the lesser lights, who claimed that the sprinters would stand no chance with them in a race of a mile or more.

Such talk as this resulted in one of the more enterprising boys, named Moore, better known as Wobblers, arranging a match race open to all the district boys in the city, the distance to be once around Central Park or about five and a half or six miles, for a prize valued at \$1 to the winner, the second boy to receive a prize valued at \$1.50; the entrance fee to be 25 cents.

Such a scrap-up of odd pennies never before was seen; it beat the old time hustling of the country boy to see his first circus. The match was run off last March, just before the blizzard, and resulted in a victory for Messenger O'Neil, No. 1,578, with Messenger Kennedy, alias "The Duke," No. 788, a good second, both of District 31. The time given was 46 minutes out in the blizzard.

The stragglers, who came in half an hour after the winners, crossed the latter of the Park at Seventy-ninth street instead of going over the full course.

After the last race at the Garden, John Fenning, No. 78, one of the shining lights of District 31 and known to the boys as "Handsome," backed by the experience and help of Wobblers, arranged for a match under the same conditions as the first. The prize this time was a silver cup or mug presented by Messenger No. 1,578, James Ryan, alias the Count, value \$100.

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THE HORSES WOULD NOT WORK.

Farmer Larkin's Bad Experience with a New York Horse-Dealer.

John Larkin, a farmer, of Brewsters Station, N. Y., sued Edward McCabe, a horse-dealer, of East Twenty-fourth street, in Judge Jerome's Court to recover \$200.

Larkin testified that he went to McCabe's stable and purchased a team of horses for \$200; that McCabe guaranteed the horses to be sound in every respect and good workers; that if they did not turn out as recommended he would refund the money on return of the team.

Larkin further said that when he brought the horses home and hitched them to a wagon they would not draw nor work. They were very balky. They broke his wagon and harness.

When he brought the team to McCabe and demanded the return of his money, McCabe refused to pay him, notwithstanding the fact that he held a written agreement signed by McCabe.

McCabe, in his own behalf, swore that he did not warrant the horses to be sound nor promise Larkin to take them back and refund the money if they were not satisfactory. He claimed that the agreement held by Larkin was not signed by him. He said that the horses could not be expected to be sound and sell for \$200.

Witnesses for the defense swore